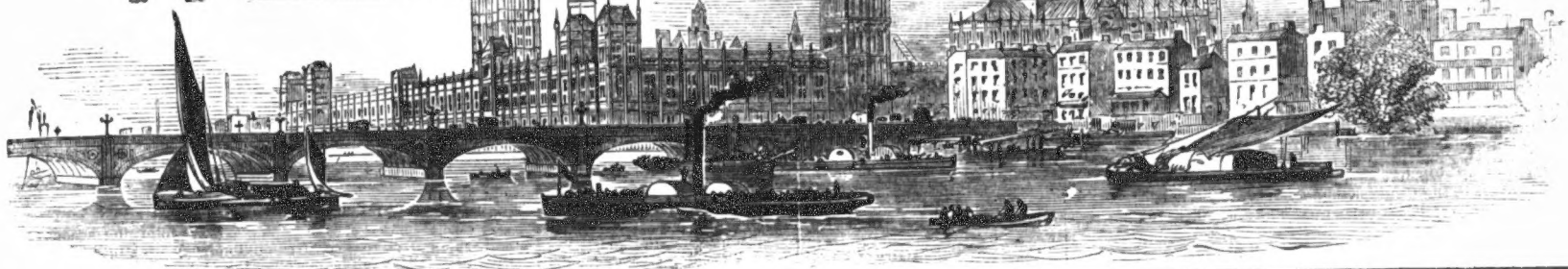


John Lubbock's Strand  
PENNY ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 135.—VOL. III. NEW SERIES. LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866. ONE PENNY.

FEARFUL SHIPWRECK.

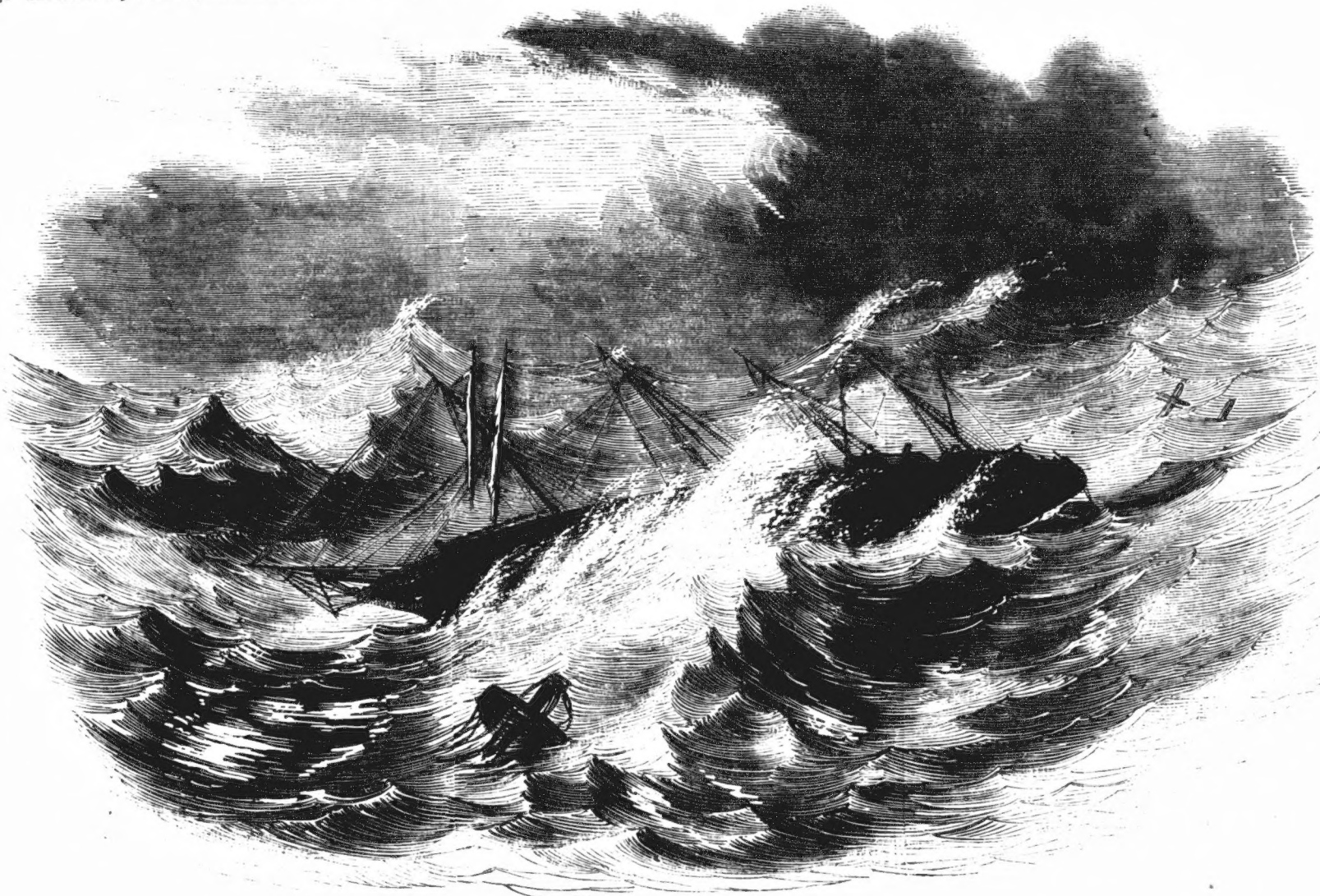
The illustration below represents the shipwreck of the *Albion*, involving the loss of ten lives, which occurred off the Island of Graemesay in Hoy Sound, on New Year's Day. The ill-fated vessel was the *Albion*, of Liverpool (Captain Thomas Williams), a full-rigged ship of 1,225 tons, bound from Liverpool for New York with a general cargo, and forty-three passengers, on board. The crew, including the officers, numbered twenty-four in all. From the time of leaving Liverpool the *Albion* experienced very stormy weather, her sails being torn to shreds, and three of her boats destroyed ere she made the Orkney coast. On the morning of New Year's Day, Capt. Williams, anxious to gain the shelter of Stromness Harbour, steered for Hoy Mouth, and the vessel proceeded safely for some distance along the dangerous Sound. Opposite Graemesay an anchor was dropped, and two pilots were taken on board. By the advice of the pilots the cables were being cut, but ere this was effected the ship dragged her anchor, and struck heavily upon the rock of Cleat. In a short time—so violent was the contact of the vessel with the rock—the hatches sprang up, and the deck-planks split from stem to stern. Among the passengers there were a number of women and children, and a most heartrending scene ensued. Several boats immediately put off from the Island of Graemesay to the ship, and the mail steamer, which was fortunately at hand, also approached the scene of the disaster to render assistance. As the vessel appeared to be rapidly breaking up, the women, children, and male passengers were got into the boats without delay, and the great proportion of them were landed in safety. The second trip of the ship's boat, however, terminated in

a sad catastrophe. While making for the mail steamer with fourteen persons on board, she suddenly swamped, and ten of them perished. Of these, seven were male passengers, two belonged to the crew of the *Albion*, and the remaining victim was Joseph Mowat, of Graemesay, son of Captain Mowat. Two passengers and two seamen were alone saved out of the entire boat-load. The captain, mate, and steward were the last to leave the vessel, which speedily broke up and became a total wreck. The passengers and crew obtained accommodation for the night in the two lighthouses of Graemesay. On the following day they were taken off by the mail steamer and landed at Stromness, where they were taken charge of by Messrs. Mowat and Hay, Lloyd's agents. From the rapidity with which the vessel broke up the passengers and crew have lost the whole of their effects.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

DURING the last twelve months the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution have providentially been the means of rescuing 444 lives from the following shipwrecks on the coasts of the United Kingdom:—Brig Willie Ridley, of Plymouth, 8; barque *Amana* of Sunderland, 18; schooner *Susan*, of Dublin, 4; fishing-boat, of Berwick-on-Tweed, saved vessel and crew, 6; brig *Elizabeth*, of Shields, saved vessel and crew, 7; schooner *Albion*, of Teignmouth, 6; lugger *La Marie Françoise*, le Pere Samson, saved vessel and crew, 4; smack *Leader*, of Harwich, 1; schooner *Anga*, of Norway, saved vessel and crew, 4; schooner *Emma*, of Barrow, 5; yawl *Matchless*, of Newhaven, saved vessel and crew, 3; brig *Hants*, of Odessa, saved vessel; barque *Lexington* of Nassau, assisted to

save vessel and crew 14; brig *Border Chieftain*, of Hartlepool, 8; schooner *Delila*, of Nantes, 7; brigantine *Eclipse*, of St. Ives, 2; schooner *Pfell*, of Blankenese, 7; schooner *Kate*, of Lynn, 4; schooner *Teazer*, of Goole, 1; ship's boat in Redwharf Bay, Anglesea, 1; brigantine *Burton*, of Wivenhoe, 1; steamer *Ocean Queen*, of Newcastle, 15; lugger *Peep-o'-Day*, of Wexford, 6; barque *Maria Soames*, of London, 19; schooner *Speed*, of Wexford, 6; smack *Agnes and Mary*, of Glasgow, 1; sloop *Catherine*, of Liverpool, saved vessel and crew, 4; schooner *Johnson*, of Exeter, 4; brigantine *Light of the Haron*, of Whitstable, saved vessel and crew, 4; brig *Steffants*, of Palermo, saved vessel and crew, 12; schooner *Henry Holman*, of Plymouth, saved vessel and crew, 8; schooner *Thomas*, of Liverpool, 5; brig *Nautilus*, of South Shields, saved vessel and crew, 9; brig *Harlington*, of Sunderland, saved vessel and crew, 6; schooner *Kathleen*, of Hartlepool, saved vessel and crew, 6; schooner *Patric*, of Barth, 5; sloop *Robert Hood*, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2; French brig *Providence*, of Granville, 4; schooner *Earl Zetland*, of Altmoh, saved vessel and crew, 5; schooner *Emma*, of Barrow, 6; brig *Resper*, of Scarborough, 9; schooner *Franklin*, of Belfast, 4; Longships lighthouse keeper, 1; schooner *Olara Brown*, of Barrow, 4; schooner *Maria*, of Hull, saved vessel and crew, 3; fishing coble, of Newbiggen, 4; fishing smack *Splendid*, of Grimsby, 9; Belgian brig, *Esprit*, 11; smack *Dahle*, of Portmadoc, saved vessel and crew, 3; lighter in Dublin Bay, 5; brig *Argo*, of Fayal, saved vessel; barque *Drydens*, of North Shields, 13; brig *Wearmouth*, of Sunderland, 9; brig *Commerzi*, of Mecklenburg, 11; schooner *Test*, of Southamp-ton, 6; brigantine *Tabaco*, of Hamburg, 5; barque *Atlas*, of North Shields, 13; Norwegian barque *Sirius*, saved vessel, 1; brig *Anne*



THE LATE GALES.—THE LOSS OF THE ALBION.



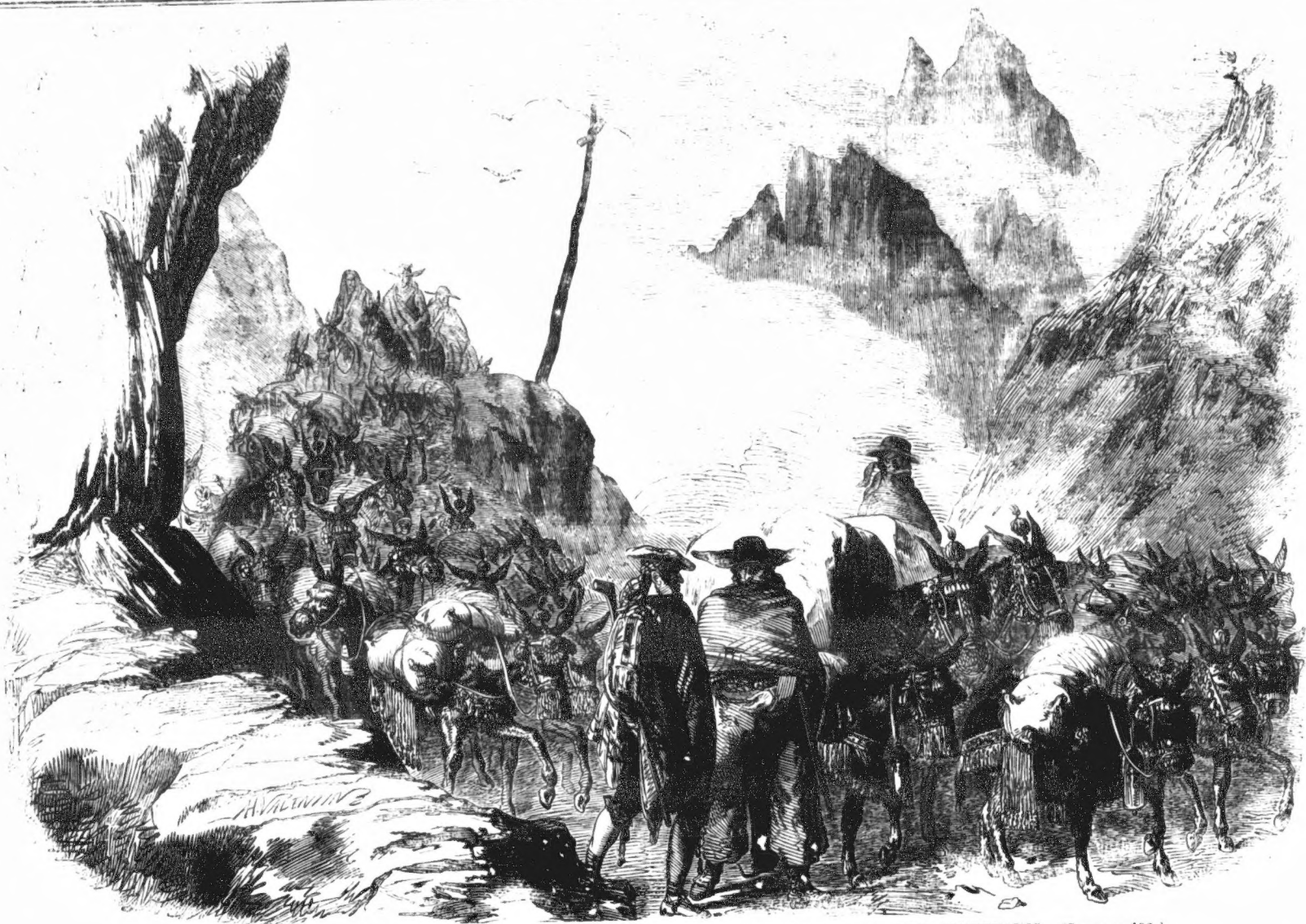




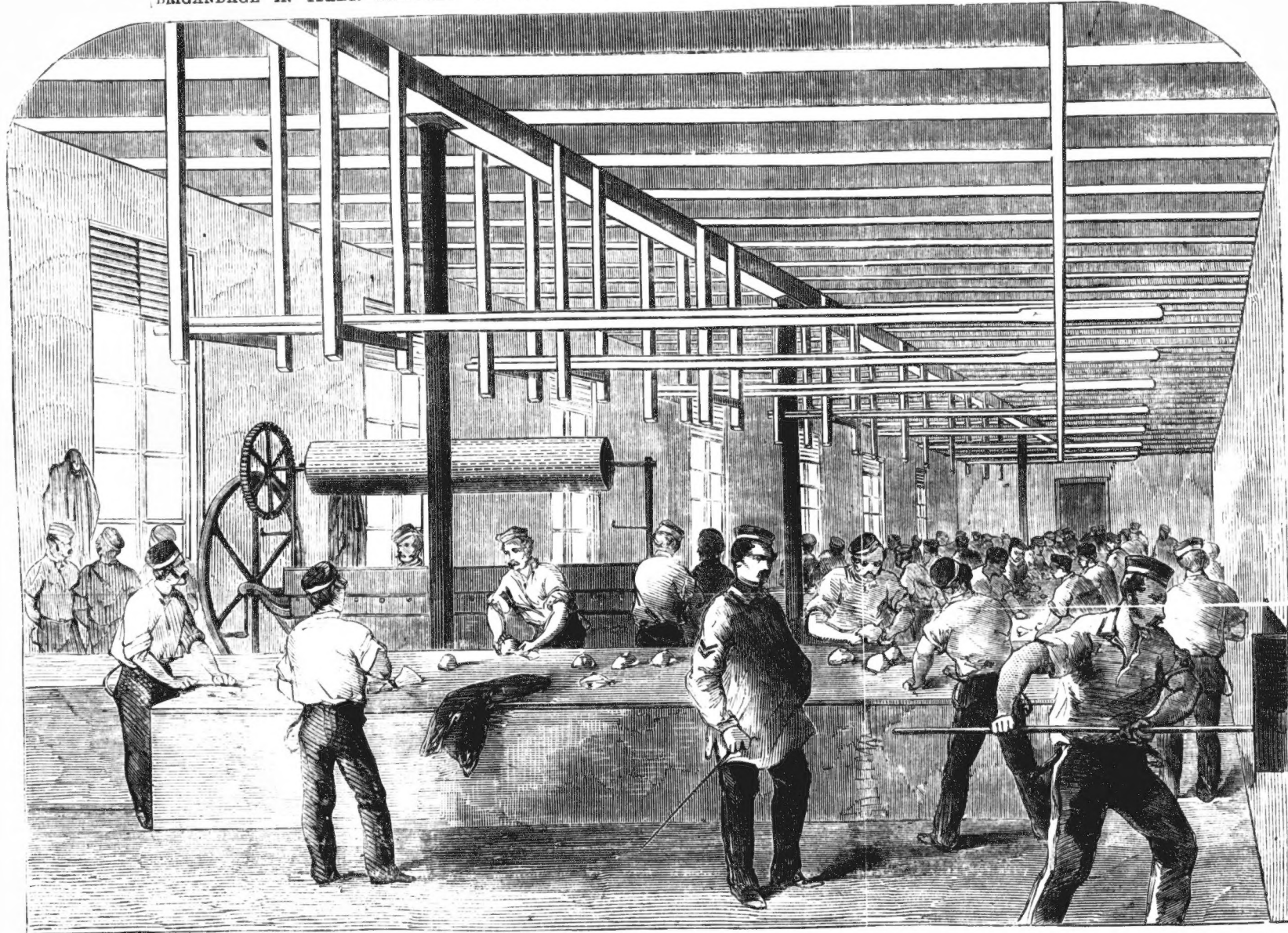
A COUGH, COLD, OR AN IRRITATED THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected part, and drive the mucus almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. They have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine dealers in this country at 1s. 1½. per box. (Advertisement.)







BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY.—BRIGANDS REMOVING STORES AND PROVISIONS OVER THE MOUNTAINS. (See page 483.)



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE BAKERY AT ALDERSHOTT. (See page 485.)



**BREAD-MAKING AT  
ALDERSHOTT  
BARRACKS.**

SINCE the establishment of the military station at Aldershot, the authorities at the Horse Guards have used great exertions to give practical instructions to the soldiers in every branch of their profession. The want of such training was painfully manifested at the commencement of the Crimean war. Our illustration represents the baking establishment at Aldershot. The bread for the whole of the troops here is altogether made by soldiers, under the superintendence of the master baker and flour inspector. Stevens's Patent Dough-making Machine has been introduced into the bakery. The machine performs better in twenty minutes what occupies forty-five by manual exercise, and it has been proved to gain twelve pounds of bread per sack of flour over what can be obtained by hand labour, the machine thus paying its own cost in a very short time. Further, the machine-made dough has the advantage over hand-kneaded; it is much more perfectly and easily made, and the cleanliness of this operation is unquestionable. Above the bake-house is a loft, in which the flour is kept. They usually have about 500 sacks, about ten days' supply, and the average is about 350 sacks per week. At one end of the bakery is the brew-house, with every convenience for brewing the yeast, which is made of pure malt and hops only. The store-room, although a small apartment, is so arranged that it will hold rations for 30,000 men.



HER MAJESTY DISTRIBUTING GIFTS FROM THE CHRISTMAS TREES AT OSBORNE HOUSE.

**NEW YEAR'S DAY  
AT OSBORNE  
HOUSE—THE  
CHRISTMAS TREE.**

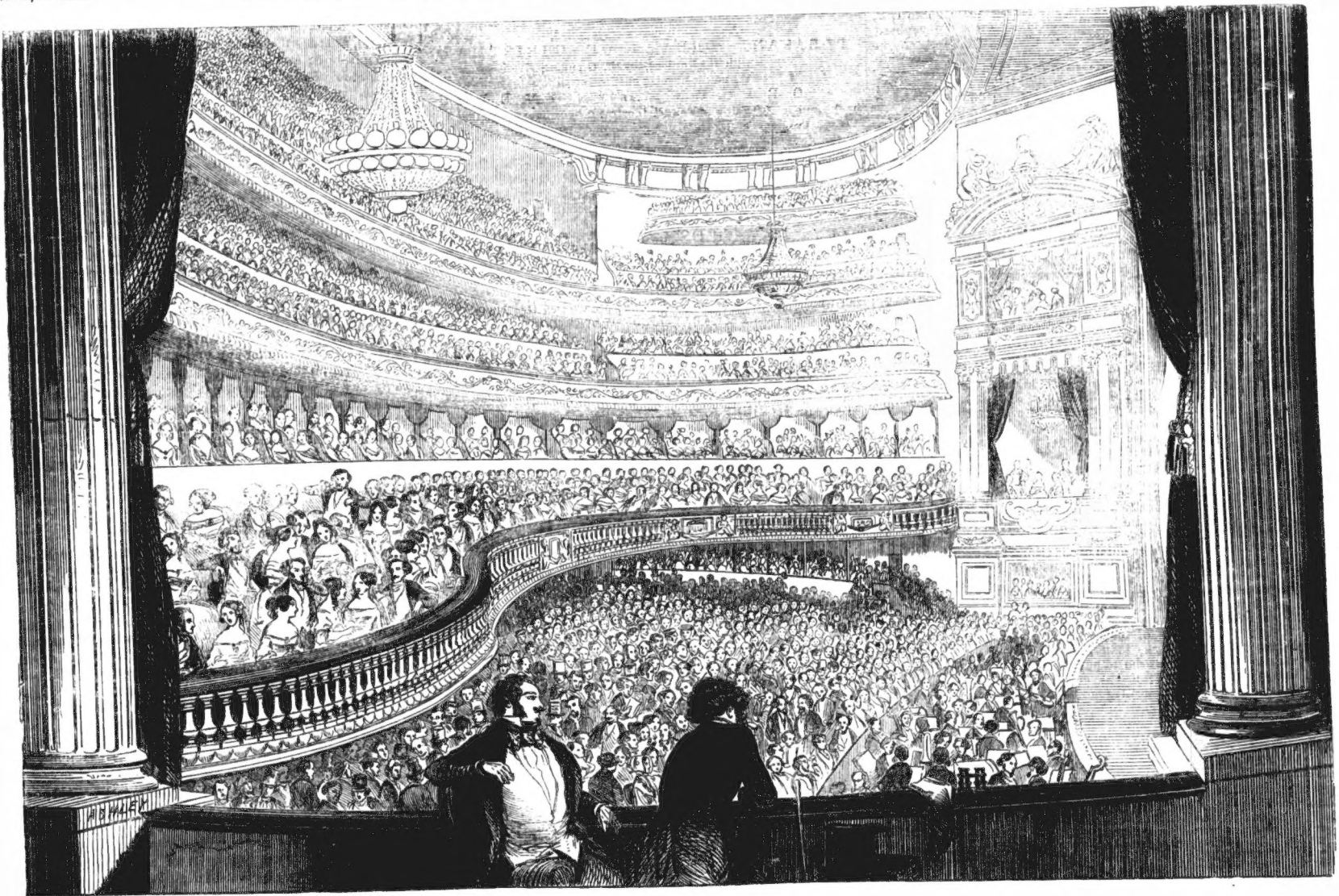
HER Majesty the Queen, on the afternoon of New Year's Day, gave presents to all the servants of the household at Osborne, for whom Christmas trees had been prepared by her Majesty's command in the steward's room and servants' hall. Her Majesty, accompanied by all the royal family, proceeded at six o'clock to the rooms where the servants were assembled, and personally distributed the gifts, assisted by their Royal Highnesses the Princesses, and also by Prince Arthur.

On the page before us, we give an illustration of her Majesty making her presentations from the principal Christmas Tree.

**THE QUEEN AND  
THE SUFFERERS  
OF GETHIN.**

A TRADERMAN of the Merthyr district, seeing that no appeal had been put forward on behalf of the afflicted widows and orphans of Gethin, wrote to the Queen, soliciting her Majesty's generous consideration of the case. The following is the reply received:—

"Osborne,  
Jan. 1, 1866  
"Sir,—I have received the commands of the Queen to inform you, in reply to your application dated the 29th ult., that her Majesty would wish in the first instance to ascertain what local exertions had been made to relieve the families thrown into unexpected distress by the accident at the Gethin Colliery. Her Majesty does not doubt that the proprietors of that establishment, and those in the neigh-



THE PARISIAN NEW YEAR'S FETES.—INTERIOR OF THE HISTORICAL THEATRE, PARIS.







These lads ages are respectively eleven and thirteen.



### THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION AT THE TUILERIES.

THE illustration on page 489 represents the French Emperor receiving the customary compliments of the corps diplomatique on New Year's Day.

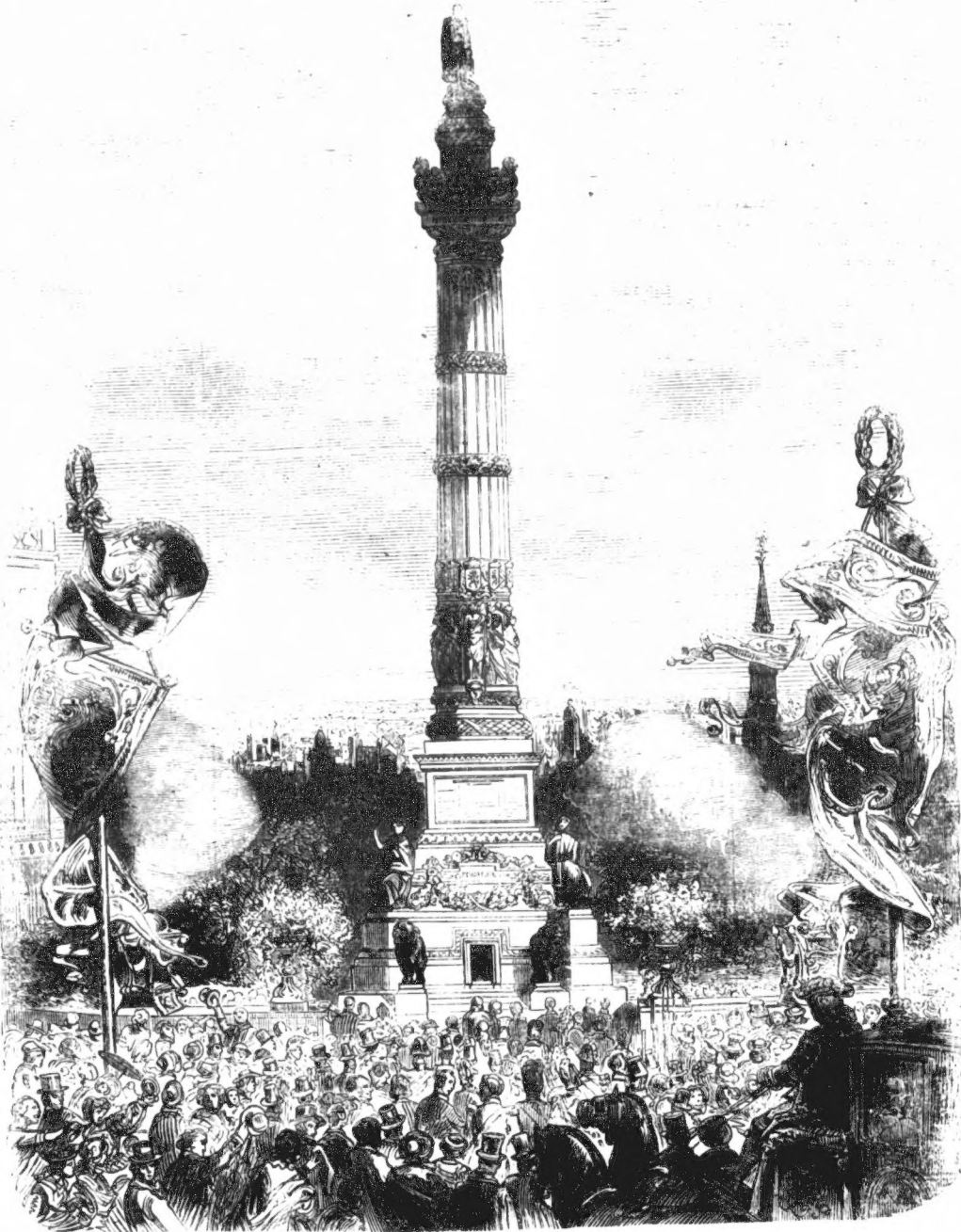
The *Moniteur* announces that on the Saturday following the Emperor Napoleon granted a private audience to Earl Cowley, who had been detained at Dover by the tempestuous weather which prevailed last week, and had thereby been prevented from joining the other members of the corps diplomatique in Paris on New Year's Day, and who had solicited a special audience in order to express to the Emperor the good wishes of her Majesty on the occasion of the New Year.

### THE INAUGURATION OF KING LEOPOLD II.

We herewith present our readers with two out-door scenes during the recent inauguration of King Leopold II, the particulars of which we have already given. It is therefore now only necessary to describe the procession through the streets.

A correspondent writing from Brussels the day following the burial of the late King says that by daylight tapestry and flags, blending all the richest dyes and the most gorgeous devices in silver and gold, had taken the place of the white bordered sable drapery which yesterday covered a great part of the house fronts, and the eyes of thousands were turned on the Chamber of Representatives, within which building the inauguration of the new Sovereign was to be performed. Long before eleven o'clock expectation was at its height; and the appearance at that hour of the Queen's carriage served as a signal for the ringing of bells and a very visible stir among the official and unofficial persons in attendance to welcome her Majesty as well as the King, her consort. The royal children and a lady in waiting rode with the Queen, who was dressed in the deepest mourning. The carriage having stopped in the centre of the commune, the burgomaster advanced to the door and delivered an address.

Having graciously accepted from the burgomaster a bouquet simply but elegantly formed of white roses and carnations, set out with alternate bunches of dark violet, the Queen proceeded on her way to Brussels, and not many minutes had elapsed, on the disappearance of her carriage, when the escort of his Majesty King Leopold came in sight. First rode



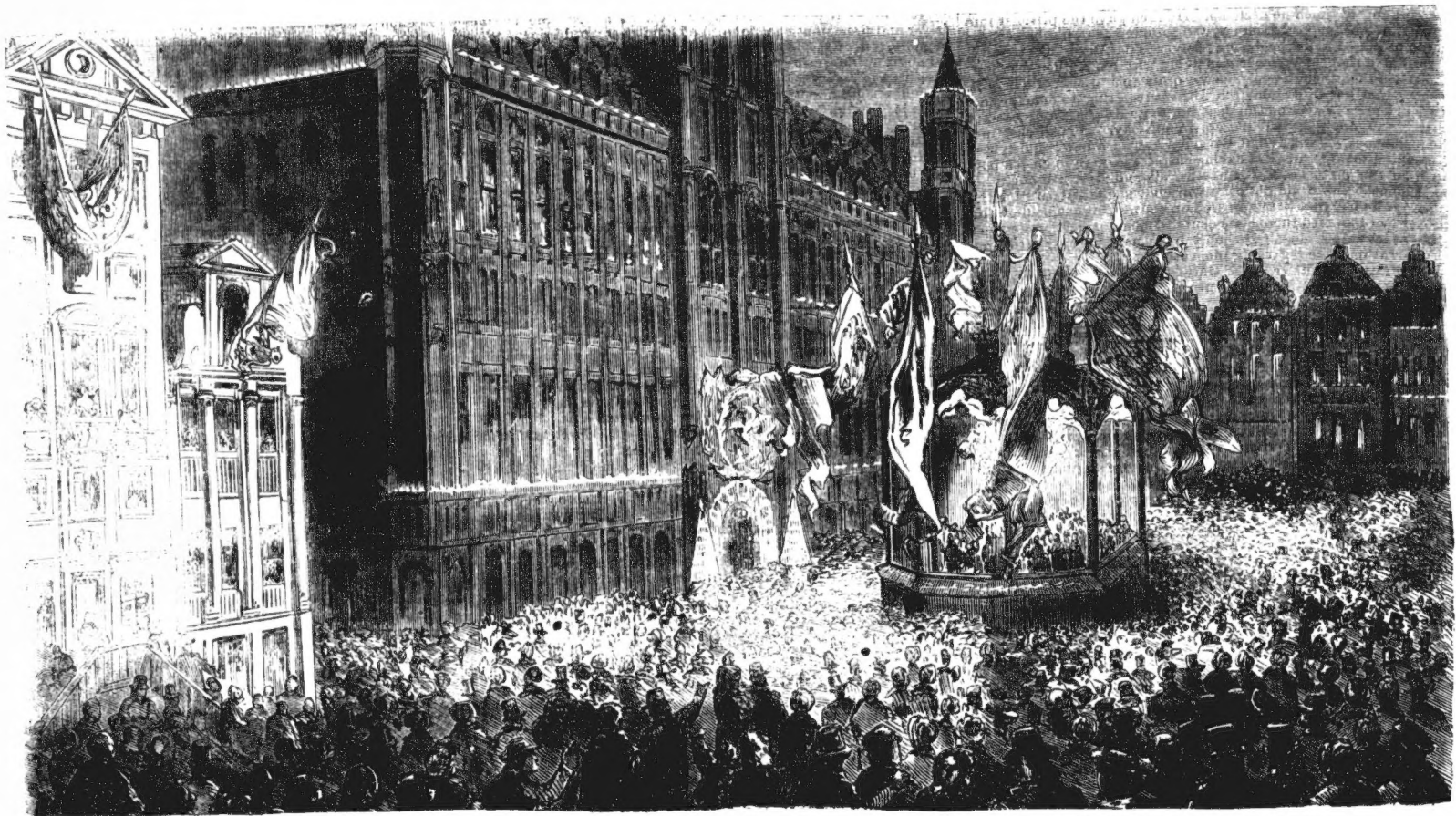
INAUGURATION OF LEOPOLD II.—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE COMMEMORATION MONUMENT, BRUSSELS.

a detachment of Guides, and after them came a group of scarlet-coated servants on horseback, as outriders to the coach drawn by six horses, and containing the King, the Count of Flanders, and the Archduke Joseph of Austria, brother to the Queen. King Leopold was attired in the uniform of a lieutenant-general of the Belgian army, and he wore the cordon of that noble order, which bears the name that has descended from his father to himself. The carriage stopped at the house of the burgomaster, and the King, alighting, received from that official an address of congratulation.

A short time after the Queen had driven on amid the plaudits of the assembled crowd, the cavalcade of his Majesty came upon the scene. The King now bestowed a magnificent charger, and on either side rode the Count of Flanders and the Archduke Joseph, while General Baron Goethals and many other general officers formed a brilliant staff in attendance on the King. The band of the Guides and a number of mounted officers of the Civic Guard preceded the imposing knot of royal personages and officers of high military rank. The King halted at the spot where the civic authorities waited to welcome him, and this they did in a right loyal manner.

In the evening the whole city was illuminated. We have selected the Market Palace in front of the Hotel de Ville for this illustration; and for the procession, the Commemoration pillar.

**A STARTLING FACT.**—Captain Macpherson, of the Belfast mail steamer *Llama*, which left here for Belfast on Saturday night, reports that on that night he met with the fiercest storm that he had ever before experienced. He had to remain on the bridge of the steamer from the time of leaving here on Saturday night at eight o'clock till her arrival in Belfast—ten a.m. on Sunday—six hours late. An incident occurred when the storm was at its height, and when all the passengers were in rather a serious mood, which, from its ludicrousness, served some to alleviate for the time the feelings of all on board. There were some boxes on deck, filled with herring. During the storm the boxes broke apart, and the herring was spread over the deck. A tall Hibernian, who had been in the steerage, on coming up to see how the weather looked, saw the herring floundering about, and, in his dismay, exclaimed, 'Ab, boys, it's all up wi' us now; the very herrin' are seeking shelter on deck!'—*Greenock Telegraph*.



INAUGURATION OF LEOPOLD II.—ILLUMINATION OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, IN THE MARKET PLACE, BRUSSELS.





RECEPTION OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS BY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH ON NEW YEAR'S DAY. (See page 488.)







## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
MANSION HOUSE.

**CHARGE OF FORGERY.**—Henry Lesser, 17, was brought before Mr. Alderman Finnis, charged with forging a baker's cheque, with intent to defraud the London Joint-stock Banking Company, of Oldman-street, sold to the bank, conducted the prosecution; Mr. Louis Lewis, the defence. The prisoner was a clerk to Messrs. Levy Brothers, of Bondedition, who kept an account with the London Joint-stock Bank. About a quarter to one o'clock on Saturday, a very busy part of the day, the prisoner entered the bank and presented for payment across the counter a cheque for £25 5s. 6d., purporting to be drawn by one of the firm of Levy Brothers, and endorsed to Mr. Thomas Hill. Mr. Holtham, the cashier, to whom it was tendered, having reason to doubt the genuineness of the signature, asked the prisoner if he came from Messrs. Levy. He replied in the negative, and explained that he had received it from them on the previous day. He was then asked if the name, Thomas Hill, on the back of the cheque was his, and he replied that it was. The cashier, not being satisfied, directed a clerk to the bank to go with the prisoner to Messrs. Levy to see if the cheque was genuine, the clerk taking with him sufficient money to cash it if it should prove to be so. On their leaving the bank for that purpose the prisoner hesitated to go, stating that he was a commission agent, that he had an appointment at the West-end, and that he would rather leave the cheque with the clerk until Monday morning. The clerk, however, insisted that he should go with him to Messrs. Levy, and he consented. On arriving there the prisoner asked to see a Mr. Field, who he said kept the books of the establishment, and was the only person who could prove the authenticity of the cheque. Mr. Field, however, was not in, and after waiting nearly an hour without seeing him, the prisoner took the clerk who had accompanied him aside, and told him the fact was that he found the cheque, wrote the endorsement on the back, and tried to cash it at the bank. One of the brothers Levy came in during the conversation, and on seeing the cheque was not able to speak to the genuineness of the signature, he not being the partner who wrote the cheques of the firm; but he produced his cheque-book, and found that one whole sheet, containing the forms for three cheques, had been abstracted from it, and that the cheque in question had been written on one of those forms. The clerk then asked Mr. Levy to detain the prisoner until he returned to the bank to consult the manager, but he refused to assume the responsibility, and the clerk took it upon himself and gave the prisoner into custody. On the way to the police-station the prisoner remarked to the constable that it was no use telling any lies about the matter; that he found the cheque in a closet of his master's premises, and put it into his pocket, where it remained until Saturday, and that his master having sent him that day on an errand to the West-end, he was passing the bank in Prince's-street, and an evil thought having entered his mind, he went in and tried to cash it. After the charge against him was entered at the station, he told the inspector on duty that he himself endorsed the cheque. Mr. Alderman Finnis recommended the prisoner until Saturday, and declined to entertain an application by Mr. Lewis to admit him to bail in the meantime.

**BEGGING IN A CHURCH.**—Robert Potts, an intelligent-looking boy of 15, was charged with attempting to obtain money by false pretences. The Rev. William Rogers, the rector of Blithersgate, said: On Sunday evening, at the close of the service there, just as the clergyman was leaving the pulpit, the prisoner put a letter into his hands, to the effect that he had come from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and, wishing to go to sea, had got a berth in a vessel in the docks called the Oseba Bride, but that he was not allowed to join the ship until the 15th, and did not know how to subsist in the meantime. He said, moreover, that he was an orphan. He was taken into the vestry, and some questions having been put to him there which he answered in such a way as to show that he was an impostor, he (Mr. Rogers) threatened to give him into custody, when the prisoner tried to escape, but was brought back and taken to the police-station. On the way there he admitted that the only true part of the letter was that which represented him to be an orphan. He had not disturbed the congregation at all. Mr. Rogers explained that he had not brought the lad before the court from any vindictive motive, but rather to try to get him into a reformatory, and so to reclaim him from the streets. The prisoner had given an address at a common lodging-house, and on inquiry it was found that he had stayed there at nights for about a fortnight. The boy, in reply to the alderman, in a strong northern dialect, said he belonged to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he had lived with his parents in Westmoreland-street, and that he had walked the whole way thence to London, a distance of nearly 300 miles, the journey having occupied about thirteen weeks. Mr. Alderman Finnis directed him to be taken to the East London Union, with a view to his being sent back to his friends in Newcastle.

## WESTMINSTER.

**HONESTY IN ADVERSITY.**—A very respectable-looking woman, who gave her name and address Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, staying at 4, Overlam-street, Christchurch, Chelsea, applied to Mr. Salfie for his advice under the following very peculiar circumstances:—Applicant was the wife of a watchmaker, who, until lately, had a shop at 29, Queen's-road West, Chelsea. On the 30th of last September he told her that he had two £40 bills to meet, and should be compelled to close his shop, sell off all he possessed, and then go to the Bankruptcy Court and declare his insolvency. He told her that the best thing which she could do was to go to her friends in the country, where she might remain with her three children until he could join her, but he never came. Mr. Salfie: Did he desert you? Applicant: He sent me some money; but I have never seen him since, and don't know where to find him. I am, with my three young children, in distress, but that is not now the object of my visit to you. It is the contents of this that I am troubled about. Applicant here produced a large tin box. Mr. Salfie: What have you there? Applicant: Watches and jewellery. Mr. Salfie: How came you by them? Applicant: They belong to my husband's customers. When my husband determined to sell off his property he gave me these watches and articles of jewellery, which had been left with him to repair. He also preserved tools enough to mend them, and stated it was his intention to do so. I have kept the things over since, but now I wish to know from you what I had better do with them. Mr. Salfie: Restore the things to the persons to whom they belong. I dare say they will be very glad to have them. Let the people describe their property, and then give it to them. Your conduct is most honest and praiseworthy. The press can assist you much more than I can.

## OLVERKENWELL.

**COMMITTEE OF A FEMALE BURGLAR.**—Elizabeth Best, aged 28, a small, well-dressed female, who described herself as a dressmaker, was charged with entering the back parlour of the house, 4, Wilsted-street, Somers-town, and stealing therein a timepiece and other articles, of the value of £1, the property of Mr. Malville Sheriff, tobacconist. The facts of this case have already been reported, and it will be remembered that the prisoner lodged in the same house as the prosecutor, occupying furnished lodgings of him. On entering his back parlour he missed his timepiece and other articles, and on calling in Police-Sergeant M'Niall, 36 G, the prisoner told him that she had stolen the missing articles, and he after-

wards found the timepiece concealed in the chimney. The prisoner said she was "Guilty," and asked that she might be leniently dealt with, as it was her first offence. The magistrate said the case had been fully proved, and sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for four calendar months.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ASSAULT.—A SCENE IN A CAFE.**—Mr. Samuel Christie, stated to be a officer in the army, residing at Lane's Hotel, St. Alban's-place, was charged with being drunk and assaulting All Ibrahim, a Persian waiter, at a cafe, No. 63, Haymarket, a cafe. The defendant came there last night and served him. I asked for my money as the defendant was leaving, and he said, "I won't pay." I again asked him, and he said, "I won't pay." I told him I could not let him go out, and he then struck me on the nose twice. I called for the police and gave him in charge. By the defendant: I did not catch you by the collar. Defendant: Are you a Christian, because you have been sworn as a Christian? Complainant: I believe in the virtue of the oath I have taken. By defendant: I never charged you 15s. for a bottle of sherry. Defendant: Are you not a Russian spy? Mr. Knox: I will allow no such questions to be put. Defendant: Do you not sell sherry? Complainant: No. Defendant: Do you not have prostitutes there? Complainant: No. Defendant: Did you not put a girl on to me to strike me?—look at my eyes (the defendant's eyes were rather puffy). Did you not attempt to kick me? Complainant: No, I did not. Mr. Knox: Did I not understand you to say that you refused to let the defendant out before he paid? Complainant: Yes, I stood before him. Defendant: Are all the women in your house virtuous? Mr. Knox: After going to the house yourself, and mixing with the persons there, to put such a question is indecent. A constable said: At half-past one this morning I was called to the cafe. The defendant was sitting down, and defied me to touch him. I was obliged to call in another constable to help me, and then the defendant went with me. The defendant was drunk, and the complainant's face was smothered in blood. Mr. Knox: What house is it? Inspector Harrison: It is a cafe. Mr. Knox: Do we have many complaints of the place? Inspector Harrison: No, sir. Defendant: I was so ill-treated that I couldn't help feeling excited. Did I not say that the waiter seized me by the collar, and that I tried to prevent him? Constable: At the station you did. The defendant here interrupted the proceedings, and on being spoken to by the magistrate, said: I've been a magistrate myself, and I know how to conduct myself. Mr. Knox: Why did you go to such a place? Defendant: I was not going to prostitute. They make an excellent cup of coffee, and I like it, having travelled a good deal. The owner of the cafe stepped forward, and the defendant asked him on being sworn whether he was a Christian. The witness said: I believe in the oath I have taken. At half-past twelve last night the defendant came in and had refreshments which came to 2s. 6d., and was about leaving when my waiter asked him to pay, and on his refusing declined to let him leave. The defendant and the waiter had a struggle, and afterwards the defendant struck the waiter. I cannot say who struck the first blow. The defendant put several questions to the witness, and, in answer, the witness said: I remember you once coming to the cafe in your dressing gown and night-shirt. The people all laughed at you, and you were turned out. I never remember your coming to the cafe and paying 15s. for a bottle of sherry a twelvemonth ago. I do not sell sherry. The defendant said he had been wounded in action, and that made him excitable. He had once been charged 15s. for a bottle of sherry, and on Wednesday night, on going to the same place, said he was going to have no more sherry at that price. He denied being drunk. He wished to leave for a moment and the waiter prevented him, although he told him he was coming back to pay him. The waiter caught hold of him by the collar, and he (defendant) then defended himself. He told the waiter that, as he had assaulted him, he could knock him down. The waiter attempted to kick him, and he struck the waiter, but not violently. Mr. Knox said he thought the defendant would have been wise not to have let the matter come before the court. There was an excess of violence through being a powerful man, and capable of thrashing a dozen persons like the waiter. The waiter had done what he ought not to have done in stopping him (defendant), and the defendant had been guilty of an excess, and was wrong in his notion of the law. If a man put his hand on him, although it was an assault, still it did not justify him in knocking the person down. The defendant was then fined 20s. or fourteen days.

## MARYLEBONE.

**AN IMPUDENT APPLICATION.**—A tall, well-dressed man made the following application to the magistrate. He said a few nights ago he was at one of the principal music-halls at the West-end of London. The magistrate asked him what he was. Applicant said a captain in the merchant service, and had also been in her Majesty's service. He continued: On the night in question he was sitting in the stalls, when he took a fancy to one of the principal dancers, and she to him, so that their choice was mutual. He took her away from the establishment, and would not allow her to return. He went again to the establishment a night or two after, when the manager asked him to allow her to return to her duties. He (applicant) said he would not, upon which the manager told the conductor of the band if he did not take legal measures to compel her to come back to her engagement he would discharge him. Applicant said they might do what they liked, but the dancer should not return. The manager ordered him out of the place, and he refused to leave. The manager then called his son to his assistance, and he (applicant) was roughly handled and ejected. He had no right to this treatment, as he had only just paid for a season-ticket. He had spent about £150 in the place, and he thought he ought not to be subjected to such treatment. He wished to know what course he was now to adopt. The magistrate said he really was surprised at the applicant coming to make public such a statement as he had of himself. As for advice how to act, he should give him none. If he felt aggrieved, he could go to a solicitor for advice.

## WORSHIP STREET.

**WHAT AM I TO DO?**—Cecilia Williams, a young woman with regular features, but a sad picture of want and abject wretchedness, being bonnetless, and with shoes without any stockings, having a small neckerchief—the corners of which scarcely met across her otherwise bare shoulders, and a skirt—apparently the only bodily garment she possessed—fastened closely around her loins, was brought before Mr. Ellison, charged with soliciting alms in the public streets. As she stood in the dock her teeth chattered, and her frame shivered sadly. She was described as a hawk of stay laces and combs, and without any home or habitation. Police-constable Thomas, 53 H: This morning I saw the prisoner near the hospital in Mile-end-road in the state she is now, and, as now, shivering. A large crowd was around her; she begged, and I took her into custody. She told me that she had no home, no friends, and therefore must do something to save herself from starvation. Mr. Ellison: Is she known? Mr. Arthur Safford, clerk: It is very proper that you should be made acquainted, sir, with the fact of the prisoner having been charged here not more than a week since with stealing two files from a shop which she entered, as stated, under the pretext of begging. The owner gave her into custody, and she was, when evidence had been heard, remanded, but the

prosecutor not afterwards attending, she was discharged. Prisoner: I did not steal anything. Indeed I did not even go into the shop. When I was discharged from here I had neither home, friends, or clothes. Moreover, I was hungry. What was I to do; and what am I to do now? Mr. Ellison most forcibly and feelingly pointed out the impropriety of persons begging in the public streets, and the necessity there existed for seeking parochial relief, instead of offending against the law. The prisoner was sent to prison for fourteen days.

**BARBARITY.—"GENTLEMEN" FINED FOR KILLING CATS.**—Arthur Henry Woolley, 22 years of age, residing at Eagle House, Well-street, Hackney, and described as a straw bonnet manufacturer; Samuel Edwards, 40, King Edward's-road, Hackney, gentleman; and Edwin Jefferson, of Oak Villa, Victoria Park-road, Hackney, gentleman, were brought before Mr. Cooke, charged with brutally torturing three cats by killing the same with two dogs. Police-constable Hare, 182 N, deposed: About half-past twelve o'clock on the night of Saturday last, while on duty in Church-street, Hackney, I saw the prisoners coming towards me, and heard a cat making a cry, hallooing; as the prisoners passed, he might kill plenty of cats there. Mr. Safford (clerk): As if in pain? Witness: Yes, sir. I followed, and heard them set the dogs on another cat. In what way? Describe it.—By making a hissing noise, and saying, "Shake it." On hastening up I saw one of the dogs killing a cat in the road. I asked, "Who belongs to the dogs?" and they each denied being the owner; but Mr. Woolley afterwards said, "They are mine." Another constable came up, and the three gentlemen were taken into custody. Another cat was found dead on our way to the station, and one of the dogs brought a third, nearly dead, in his mouth. One of the cats was very badly torn about George Palmer, a fireman, examined: At the time in question I saw the three gentlemen at the bar with two dogs—one a greyhound, and the other like a bloodhound. (Prisoner Woolley: No. It is a Mount St. Bernard.) Presently I heard a row with some cats. I went up the road and I saw a dead cat. I heard Edwards express a wish to have Woolley's dog at his house. I followed them. A cat ran from a doorway. At that moment the dogs were behind the gentlemen. They made a noise. The dogs ran forward, and one of them caught the cat, and the gentlemen ran a little forward, laughing. One of them remarked "That is the second he has killed." After passing the railway there was another cat. One of the cats, all three of which were in court, was produced, its colour black and white, and the loins apparently smashed. Mr. Vane assured the magistrate that his clients most deeply regretted what had occurred; they had no intention of proving cruelty, and knew nothing, as they asserted, of any other cat than that seen by the constable wounded by one of the dogs in the road; they emphatically denied having set the animal on to that cat, but had instead used their best endeavours to rescue it. Cats were abundant in that neighbourhood, and, moreover, he (Mr. Vane) could not consider this case such as contemplated by the Act of Parliament; all three gentlemen being charged, it was impossible to bring out the entire facts, but this was the groundwork of the defence, the whole affair was simply a misadventure. Mr. Cooke, in dealing with the case, said: I make no doubt of the facts. If the prisoners had been simply walking together without intent to commit cruelty, and had, when accidentally there was occasion for interference, restrained, or tried to restrain, the dogs, they would not then have been criminally responsible, although they might civilly be so to the owners of the cats; but it is very different; by the evidence of three witnesses it is clearly shown that they all incited the dogs to kill at least one cat, and I order each to pay a penalty of 40s. or be imprisoned twenty-one days. The fine was paid. The act empowers three months' imprisonment without fine.

## SOUTHWARK.

**HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN THE BOROUGH.**—Mary Ann Sullivan, a well-known thief, was brought before Mr. Woolrych charged with stealing a gold watch from the person of William Brooks, near the London-bridge Railway Terminus. The prosecutor, who was attired in clerical costume, said he lived at Olchester. On the previous Thursday night he was standing near the railway station when a female accosted him and he waived a little way with her, and at her solicitation took her into a public-house, where they had something to drink. While there the prisoner and two other females entered and held some conversation with the female who was with him. He left the house with the latter, and whilst passing over Duke-street a female, whom he believed to be the prisoner, snatched his watch and broke it from the chain and ran away. Witness pursued her, and after a smart chase she was stopped by a constable. At the station-house she denied the robbery, but the watch was found on her. Mr. Woolrych asked him if he was sober. Prosecutor said he was. In answer to his worship, witness at first declined to say what profession he was, but he afterwards said he was an artist. Police-constable 253 M said he was on duty near London-bridge on the night in question, when he heard cries of "Stop thief," and saw the prisoner running up the Borough, followed by the prosecutor. Witness pursued her, and captured her near Kent-street. He took her to the station-house, when she was searched, but the watch could not be found. Mrs. Sarah Ann Fennum, the female searcher at the Stones-end Police-station, said that at first the watch could not be found on her, but from what she heard she had the prisoner out of the cell, and more minutely searched her, when the watch was found concealed about her person. The prisoner, in the most impudent manner, said she picked up the watch. Mr. Woolrych committed her for trial.

## LAMBETH.

**AWKWARD CHARGE AGAINST A MARRIED TRADESMAN.**—Mr. Joseph Wright, a master builder, residing in Park-road, Peckham, appeared before the Hon. G. C. Norton, to answer to a summons charging him with assaulting and three times kissing Emily Jane Allen, an exceedingly pretty girl of sixteen years of age. The complainant said that on the morning of the 28th of last month she was servant to Mrs. Gardener, a lady residing in Park-place, Peckham, and on that day, between eight and nine o'clock, the defendant came through the kitchen. She asked what he wanted, and before he told her he threw his arms round her neck and kissed her. She slapped his face, and said she should tell her mistress. The defendant left the kitchen, but returned in a few moments, again kissed her, and put his hand underneath her clothes, and made use of disgusting language. Witness made a noise, and again threatened to tell her mistress, when the defendant again went away, but a third time returned, kissed her a third time, and she then informed her mistress, and subsequently her father and mother, of what had happened. In reply to the questions of the magistrate, the witness said that the defendant had been employed by her mistress to do some repairs to the coal-hole, but his proper course was to apply for admittance from the street door, and not come in by the back way. The defendant was a stranger to her, and she did not recollect having spoken to him more than once, and that was when she was cleaning her mistress's windows, and he then made use of very improper and filthy language to her. The witness was cross-examined at considerable length by Mr. Beard, on the part of the defendant. The whole of the evidence having been gone through, Mr. Norton remarked that the case was one of such serious consequence to the parties concerned that he did not like to give an off-hand opinion, and should therefore postpone his decision.



A HOUSE BLOWN DOWN  
BY THE WIND.

A GALE of almost unprecedented violence swept over Hull on Sunday night, which continued with unabated fury till about Monday at noon. The storm, which came from the west, was at its height about half-past nine o'clock on Monday morning. At that hour a building in course of erection for Mr. Collier, coachbuilder, was blown down. At the back of this building there was a court in Temperance-street, named Emma's-place, containing ten houses, and the rubbish from the falling building was thrown down upon those on the western side of the court, crushing them to their foundations. Two houses in Temperance-street were also knocked down. The small tenements were crushed so suddenly and so completely that none of their inmates had the time or the opportunity to escape into the street, and most of them were buried alive beneath the ruins. Information of the catastrophe was at once conveyed to the central police-station, Parliament-street, and a large body of constables, under the direction of Inspector Doreer, were sent to the place. Picks and shovels were soon procured, and the policemen, as well as a large staff of workmen from the North-Eastern Railway Station, set to work to extricate the killed and wounded from the ruins. The house immediately behind the new building, in Temperance-street, was occupied by a tailor named Newmarch, his wife, and two children—a son and daughter. At the time of the accident the family were in the basement story, into which the bricks, mortar, and rubbish fell. The father, seeing the ceiling give way, made for the door, dragging his wife with him, but both were struck down on the floor. Newmarch managed to crawl beneath a couch, and a joist falling at the same time across that piece of furniture, he was thus preserved, and was soon got out, his only injury being a contusion of the knee. The two children, who had run to the window, were also got out very little the worse. Mrs. Newmarch, who was more in the centre of the floor, was not got at for some time, and she was found to be quite dead. The house adjoining that occupied by Newmarch was only crushed in to the first floor, and the occupant, a man named Potts, with his wife and seven children, escaped unharmed. The tenements in the court were the most thoroughly destroyed, and the loss of life was here the greatest. The first house was occupied by a labourer named Scott, who at the time was away at work, his wife, and five children. The mother was rescued very little worse, but three of the children, who were not got out for some time, were found quite dead. The other two children had a miraculous escape. They were sitting at the fireside on the basement story when the accident occurred. The ceiling gave way at the side opposite to the fireplace, the joists



THE HURRICANE ON THE THAMES.

holding tolerably firm near the chimney. By this means the falling rubbish was thrown to the other side of the room, and the two children were thus preserved from injury. After the lapse of nearly an hour they were taken out uninjured. The second house was tenanted by a Mrs. Bielby, and although the place was literally razed to the ground, its inmates escaped without any serious injury. Mrs. Bielby receiving only a scalp wound. In the next house, occupied by a Mrs. Blakey, the inmates, four in number, escaped comparatively unhurt. In the adjoining house there was great destruction, nothing remaining but the outside walls. The place was occupied by a Mr. Brown and his wife. The latter at the time was in a neighbour's house, and escaped, but her husband, who was in the bed in the upper story, was carried with the rubbish into the basement. In an hour he was got out still alive, but he died on the way to the infirmary. The following is a list of the casualties:—Dead—Robert Brown, 40; Eliza Newmarch, 46; John Scott, 12; —Scott, 10; —Scott, 8. Wounded: Sarah Bielby, 84, scalp wound; Mary Ann Blakey, 45, contusion; Henry Newmarch, 9, contusion; Sarah Scott, 36, contusion; John Nary, 40, head cut; J. R. Newmarch, 55, contused knee. There are rumours that the building, which was a very long and narrow one, had caused the inhabitants great anxiety for some time past. Messrs. Brownridge, Gibson, and Usher, surgeons, were on the spot, and rendered prompt assistance.

forty-eight lashes and two years' imprisonment, five to be imprisoned for a year, and the petty officers to be disgraced. Another account makes Commander Pratten responsible for the disturbance, inasmuch as he undertook to refuse leave without asking the commodore. He himself, moreover, sat on the court-martial, although in a certain sense a party in the case. It is stated that this is the nineteenth court-martial since the ship was commissioned, in April, 1863, and that all the best men have left the ship as their time expired, while others ran away before she had been three months in commission. For nineteen months the crew had not had one night's leave of absence, and although leave had been promised after the ship had been scraped, and the men worked like horses, the promise was not kept. At the same time, men belonging to another ship received permission to go on shore. Clearly there is something wrong in the management of the Leander.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON POLLOCK.—Although Chief Baron Pollock is eighty years of age, he still presides in the Exchequer Court, and his intellect is as clear as ever it was. He gets up every morning at five o'clock to study. He lately found that there was one more language he wanted to know—German, and that he is now learning. Part of his leisure he beguiles with photography at which he is a great adept.—*Court Journal*



THE MILITARY REVOLT IN SPAIN.—MARSHAL O'DONNELL ADDRESSING THE SPANISH TROOPS. (See page 482.)



## Literature.

## UNCLE TRIBERT'S STRATAGEM.

"Tis he! 'tis Tribert!" cried Madame Fourcard, perceiving a traveller in the street, followed by a porter carrying baggage. And running to the door she opened it quickly, just as the captain extended his hand to the bell-rope.

Madame Fourcard pressed the old sailor in her arms, with tears and exclamations of joy. She had not seen him for ten years, and she looked with a sort of anxiety for the changes time had wrought in all his person.

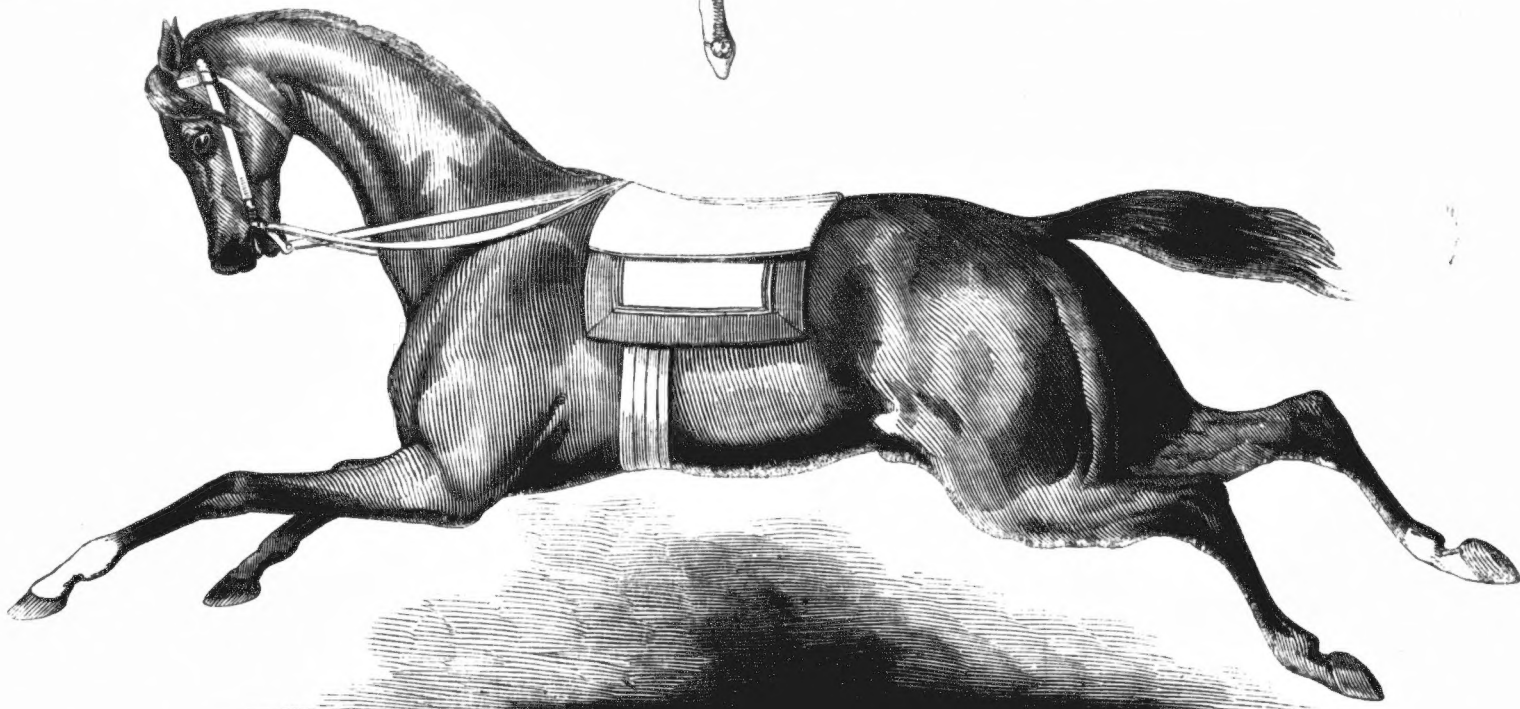
His brow was a little wrinkled, his hair slightly blanched; but, taking him altogether, the captain had not, as he expressed it, received too many damages in his upper works. His eye was always clear, his lip smiling, and his countenance frank. But to see him made you feel an involuntary friendship for him. His was one of those faces which you welcome, like the sun in winter, with a sensation of comfort and goodwill.

As to Madame Fourcard, these ten years had weighed more heavily on her. The sorrows of widowhood and the anxieties of maternity had withered that second bloom which embellishes the autumn of some women. You would have sought in vain on her features for traces of the beauty which had once had its fame and its triumphs. Tried by life, she had become old early; and she ceased to be a wife to become more entirely a mother.

After the first emotions of a meeting so long expected and long deferred, Madame Fourcard, who had carried her brother to the room prepared for him, wished to leave him to repose; but the sailor spoke of her son, and the mother, detained in spite of herself, sat down to reply.

This requires an explanation, which obliges us to suspend our recital an instant to look backward.

Bereaved of her husband, who had been carried off suddenly, and left alone with a young child, Madame Fourcard had centred all her hopes on this infant. Finding in the fulfilment of her duties as mother the only consolation for her sorrows as a widow, she wished never to separate from but devote her whole life to him. There is a natural impulse in the hearts of women which communicates itself to all their aspirations, and easily pushes them to extremes. As young girls, they dream of impossible merits in him who will one day give them his name. As young mothers, they draw their offspring in advance, with all the perfections old tales accord to fairy godchildren. Madame Fourcard was no wiser than others. She decided that her son Augustus should take rank among those chosen men who appear few and far between in the crowd, like the stars of the constellation—and more surely to reach



HRER GOLDSCHMID, IN HIS CELEBRATED PERFORMANCE AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL. (See page 490.)

this result, she made this predestined child the end of all her actions and all her thoughts.

Being the centre of the world for her, Augustus became accustomed to see everything arranged for his profit or his pleasure. Everything around the widow was put under contribution for him—the esteem and friendship due to the mother was shown also in complaisance or tenderness for the son. Welcome by right of inheritance, he was used to receiving the most precious benefits of life as common favours.

His mother had desired to play the role of providence, and was repaid like it with carelessness and forgetfulness. She had begun to feel this painfully, but without daring to confess it to others. The child's honour was still more than her own. How could she accuse him of faults which might be taken for ingratitude? None knew like herself what he really was, beneath these defects; to betray them was to subject him to an unjust judgment. So when her brother questioned her, she dwelt only on her son's really good qualities. Happy to prolong in his favour a pleading which persuaded herself, she had forgotten the traveller's fatigue, when an involuntary yawn from him instantly reminded her.

"Oh, I am foolish to detain you so, after two sleepless nights of fatigue," said she, rising. "We will have time enough to talk about Augustus, since you are not to quit us again; and anyhow, you can judge of him yourself. Sleep, brother; when you wake, I hope our scholar will have returned."

She again embraced the sailor, who threw himself on a sofa, in his clothes, and was soon asleep. When he re-opened his eyes, the day was already declining, and the rays of the setting sun enveloped the curtains of the alcove.

Refreshed by sleep, but still plunged in that sort of voluptuous languor which follows awaking, Tribert began to look around him and notice the chamber destined for him. Everything revealed his sister's attentive tenderness. The furniture was that which his father had used in his room, and seemed to recall his infancy to the old sailor.

A bookcase contained the few books he had collected in old times; the geographical maps which hung on the walls showed him the seas he had traversed; a little ship—work of his boyhood and eloquent witness of his maritime vocation—was suspended from the ceiling. Finally, above the tester was raised a panoply of curious arms, collected in his voyages and sent to M. Fourcard in other years.

He was examining one by one all the details of these arrangements, speaking so clearly of the intelligent affection of his sister, when he heard her voice in the next room. It was interrupted by one younger and louder, in which Tribert easily recognised his nephew's. The mother seemed to be making some remonstrance, to which he replied with the brusqueness of a person accustomed to complete indulgence.

"I will not go!" repeated he, in a tone of ill-humoured obstinacy too common with children who have been allowed their own way.

"You must not think that, Augustus," replied Madame F., in a tone of gentle persistence. "Miss Lorin depends on you to take her to this soiree. If your uncle had not come, I would have saved you this annoyance; but I cannot leave him the first day!"

"Oh, well; I, too, want to see him!" said Augustus, shortly. "Let Miss Lorin get her cousin to carry her, and—"

"You know he is absent."

"Then, let her stay at home!"

"That is hard, Augustus. You know that this excellent woman has no other pleasure than these same parties, and that at her age a habit becomes a necessity."

"What is that to me?" said Augustus, still more crossly. "Am I under any obligation to Miss Lorin?"

"But I am!" answered his mother, quickly. "She taught me the little I know; she has helped me in many trying circumstances with her counsels and her encouragements; she is to me like an elder sister—almost even like a mother. You know this, and ought to help me pay my debt of gratitude."

"You do take pleasure in enacting duties!" cried Augustus. "It is a mania with women to put a yoke of servitude on their necks and chains on their feet, that they must be helped to carry—"

"You forget, my son, that my heaviest have not been imposed on me by Miss Lorin!" said the mortified mother.

"That is to say, that they are by me, then!" cried Augustus, angrily.

"You oblige me to remind you that no duty has seemed hard to me which has been improved by your interests!"

"And the better to prove this, you reproach me with what you have done!"

"Augustus!" interrupted Madame Fourcard, impatiently, "there is neither justice or good sense in what you say!"

"Then do not let us talk of it any more!" replied he, making a movement to go out.

"You will not go for Miss Lorin?"

"No!"

"Remember, I require it—I order it!"

"I will not go!" cried the boy, with enraged obstinacy.

And slamming the door violently, he sprang out on to the staircase, going up, singing loudly, as though to defy his mother.

The latter sat down trembling; and her brother, putting his eye to the keyhole, saw that she wept.

This scene between the mother and son, of which he was thus the invisible witness, taught him more of both than all the letters which had been written during the past ten years. He now knew what was the result of his sister's boundless devotion to her only son.

Anticipated in his least wishes, Augustus had become accustomed to improve them; the voluntary slavery of his mother had produced the disrespectful tyranny of the son.

The first impulse of the Captain arose from his naval habits; he was on the point of going out to seize his nephew by the ears, and bring him to beg his mother's pardon; happily, reflection stopped him.

At sea since he was fifteen, he had received but little education, but the experience of life, and the meditation of the hours of

watches, had taught him the knowledge of human nature. He knew that bad habits were like adverse winds, only to be controlled by management. He repressed, then, his first impatience, reflected on the best means of manoeuvring, and did not go out of his chamber until he had decided and trimmed his sails to navigate safely. He found his sister almost recovered from the agitation caused by her son's rebellion; thence he concluded it was a common occurrence.

Augustus's ill-humour was more stubborn. Dissatisfied with himself, his repentance turned, as in all ill-formed characters, into ill-humour. When he came down to embrace his uncle, it was with a kind of embarrassed crossness, full of hardness.

After the exchange of questions and replies necessary at a first interview, he went and threw himself upon a sofa, and commenced biting his nails in silence. His mother, fearing the impression such behaviour would make on his uncle, tried to smooth the rough humour of the boy, by some coaxing advances; but, as generally happens in such cases, her forbearance only served to aggravate him. A pardon, which we have not merited by repentance, is almost an insult; it adds to the consciousness of our fault, that of a generosity to which we must submit.

So Augustus only met his mother's indulgence with redoubled crossness. Instead of replying to her, he took a journal and began to look over it, humming.

His mother, out of patience, observed to him, "That her parlour was not a reading saloon."

"I thought this paper was here to be used," said he, roughly.

"But we are here also," said his mother; "and I hope our company is worth more than the journal."



Augustus bowed ironically.

"I did not know it was necessary to be alone to choose our amusement," said he.

"You are negligent of your uncle, sir!" exclaimed Madame Fourcard, carried away in spite of herself.

The young man started, and appeared disconcerted for an instant; but trying to recover, he said, "My uncle would not, doubtless, prefer that we should live here as at Court, slaves of etiquette; and, as a sailor, he ought to prize his own independence too much to wish to trammel that of others."

"Verily, you understand me, my boy," cried Tribert, who had hitherto listened to this dispute in smiling carelessness. "Let each live according to his fancy, and let the disappointed go to the devil! Behold my social doctrine—Read, sing, dance, talk, or keep silent; it is your own business, and I care as little for it as the Grand Lama. Do whatever you please, provided you leave me the same liberty."

"Oh, as to that, do not fear," said Augustus, casting a triumphant look at his mother. "I am not one of those who would make everybody keep their step; and I leave, as they say, each to eat with his own spoon."

"Then let us go to dinner," interrupted the Captain. "The journey has given me the appetite of a wolf."

He took his nephew by the shoulders and made him go with him into the dining room. Madame Fourcard followed, as much surprised as mortified. The tone and principles of her brother upset all her recollections. But it was still worse when she saw him at table, helping himself to the choice places, without caring for his neighbours, interrupting or not replying, giving orders to the servant, criticising the dinner, and, in a word, abandoning himself, without restraint, to his slightest caprices.

Returning to the parlour, he chose the most comfortable sofa, extended his dusty feet upon a velvet cushion, and lighted his pipe. Madame Fourcard, who could not stand tobacco-smoke, was obliged to fly. Augustus was at first diverted with his uncle's want of taste, and had laughed at his whims; however, the naïveté of this system, amusing for a moment, was not long in causing discomfort, which degenerated into impatience. He wished to make his uncle aware that his manners, although, perhaps, suited to the cabin of a ship, were not equally becoming in a better-managed and more elegant dwelling. He hoped he had made himself understood as his uncle's pipe was out, and he seemed to listen, lying back on the sofa, when a regular and sonorous breathing made him perceive the results of his eloquence. The boy rose and went to his room, strangely disenchanted with his uncle Tribert.

As he arose the next morning, he heard the noise of a furious debate. He hastened to descend, and found the sailor at issue with old Rose, who had forgotten to wax his shoes. The exasperated captain poured out the whole repertoire of curses with which Vert-Vert scandalized of old the nuns who had brought him up; and the servant, overpowered, raised her hands and eyes to the skies, uttering exclamations of distress.

Madame Fourcard, drawn like her son, by the noise of the fracas, vainly tried to interfere and appease her brother; he continued his nautical litanies, with growls of voice and accompanying gestures, which at first surprised and then irritated Augustus.

He took Rose by the arm, who was insisting on her explanations being heard, and gently obliged her to go into the kitchen, while he returned to the parlour. He there found his mother, trying to justify her servant, dwelling on her zeal, her fidelity, and the long services which she had rendered the family.

"Oh, well, what of them?" cried Tribert; "did she render them to me? What matters the good qualities she has had? The best sailor in the fleet is broken up when she gets too old. One has servants to be served, and not to be grateful to them."

"My uncle would not wish, however, that we should turn out on the pavement a good woman who has almost seen my mother's childhood, and who has raised me," objected the young man, warmly.

"If you don't choose to put her on the pavement, put her in the hospital," replied Tribert, roughly.

The mother and son both remonstrated.

"To the devil, then, but not here, where brains and arms are needed!" cried the captain, angrily. "I see my sister has not lost her mania for creating duties where she ought to have only rights; but that must change, or, thunder! I will know why!"

Madame Fourcard and Augustus looked at each other. The impatience of the latter changed to bitterness; he replied by a low toned reflection on the liberty each had to rule his own house according to his own notion. But Tribert seemed to take the maxim for an expression of approbation. He applauded it, repeated that he would know very well how to make himself served, and ended by demanding breakfast. While they waited Rose to make haste, he lighted his pipe, and began to walk up and down the parlour, spitting at each turn, according to the custom of smokers.

His sister watched, with a look of despair, this disastrous promenade, which substituted disorder and tobacco-spots for the elegant neatness which she had made her pride. Augustus, who guessed his mother's annoyance, and felt the contrepous, could scarcely hide his irritation. The silence lasted some minutes, when the mariner stopped before a picture, which occupied the most prominent place in the room.

"That is Fourcard's picture?" asked he, puffing towards it a whirlwind of smoke.

His sister answered affirmatively.

Tribert still looked at it.

"This fine brother-in-law was ugly," said he, quietly.

The widow and her son started. Accustomed to surround the memory of the dead with impassioned respect, they were struck to the heart by the sailor's coarse remark.

"It is the first time I ever heard my father's features thus judged," said the young man, warmly; "and I am astonished, especially that it should have been by you, who might have known how to read his soul by his countenance."

"Yes, yes," replied the captain, with indifference, "he was, after all, a good devil, and it was not his fault if God had placed him in the list of the innocents."

"Sir!" cried Augustus, who had risen, pale with anger.

His mother seized his hand.

"Come, my son," said she, with sorrowful dignity, "since he cannot comprehend what he owes to the dead, let us, at least, know what we owe to ourselves." And without allowing the captain to say more, she drew Augustus out with her.

Tribert remained alone; but when he returned to his room, he found his nephew waiting for him. Although agitated, the young boy had a resolute air.

"Oh, oh, it is you!" cried his uncle; "you have, then, got over your anger?"

"Lower, I beg of you," interrupted Augustus, with an agitated voice; "I do not wish my mother to hear us."

"There is a secret on hand, then?" asked the sailor.

"There is a duty," replied Augustus, gravely; "your title and my age make it a difficult one to perform, but my mother's peace ought to be considered above everything."

"Does she anything to complain of any one for?" asked Tribert.

"She has to complain—of you," replied the boy, whose voice trembled; "of you, who have successively offended all her tastes and all her affections."

"I!" said the captain; "how is that?"

"In confiding yourself in her house as on board a corvette," answered Augustus, quickly. "In abusing an old woman whom we owe, in insulting my father's memory. Since yesterday, you have shown, in one day, so much of your mind, your character, and your heart, that it is impossible for my mother to submit to your presence any longer."

Tribert, who was promenading, stopped short, and looked the young man in the face.

"Then you come here to tell me I must seek a lodging elsewhere?" asked he.

Augustus preserved a silence which was equivalent to an affirmative reply.

"In good time," continued Tribert, seriously; "but since we are speaking plain truth, I have a little account to settle with you. And, first, in what have my manners shocked you? You, who yesterday welcomed me here by reading the journal; I, who have praised the maxim that each ought to do exactly as he fancied, without regard to others?"

Augustus made a movement, and tried to stammer out an excuse.

"You complain of my conduct towards an old servant," added the sailor, whose voice rose; "but what has yours been towards your mother's teacher? Have you not yesterday refused her a simple act of kindness? Did you not exclaim against the obligation to pay debts contracted by others? Why should you consider me more bound to be considerate to Rose than you think yourself to be to Miss Lorin?"

The young man again tried to interrupt him.

"Listen to me to the end," continued Tribert, still more seriously. "You accuse me of want of respect to your dead parent; have you respected your living mother more? From which of us two was most forbearance, most tenderness, most respect, due? Tell me! Since I have been here, my words or my acts have made you indignant. What do you, then, think of yours? I have been cross with my equals; you have been rude to your superiors; I have been angry with a servant who had neglected her business; you, with a mother who reminded you of yours. I have failed in respect towards my sister's husband, and you towards her who has given you life! Which of us two, does it seem to you, has given most evidence of his mind, his character, and his heart?"

As the captain had proceeded, the impatience of Augustus had given place to embarrassment and confusion. The lesson which he had wished to give was turned against him in a manner so unexpected that he remained stunned. The whispers of his own conduct also strengthened the words of his uncle. He suddenly understood what had been the intention of the latter, and turning his head, was conquered by the consciousness of wrong.

The sailor understood what was passing in this honest but badly-instructed heart; he made a step towards his nephew, and took his hand.

"You see that we need mutual forbearance," said he, with good-humour; "let us, then, forget the past, except to try to profit by it in the future. In all this, the real victim has been the mother, and it is to her we ought to go and beg pardon."

"No, no!" cried Augustus, softened; "I only—I have need of pardon—for I understand all now. You wanted to correct me by example. My mother and I, we have only to thank you."

"Thank Lycurgus, rather," said his uncle, laughing; "for the discovery of the means belongs to him. To disgust Spartan youths with excess in wine, he stowed them slaves in the degradation of drunkenness; I have imitated him, in making you see in another the defects which I wished to make odious to you."

THE JOCKEY-CLUB FLOWER GIRL.—Isabella, the *bouquetière* of the French Jockey Club, was lately attacked by two men in the streets of Paris and valiantly drove them off, must now be a person of some means, for she receives a great many valuable gifts, and the monopoly of the flower trade on the race-courses should be very profitable. It is the custom for the winner of the Derby to present her with a dress of his own turf colours. That which she received this year from M. Charles Lefebvre, who figures on the correct card as Major Fridolin, was a wonder in its way, and was due to the imagination of the famous man-milliner Worth. The colours were light blue and white, the buttons were jockey caps and silver, the waist-buckle was a silver saddle, and horse-shoes bite, curb-chains, and stirrups hung from every possible and impossible part of the dress. Isabella has a great reputation and good looks, but can hardly be considered as the type of the ideal flower-girl, being less remarkable for beauty than for health and strength, of which latter qualities her recent exploit has shown the value.

THE SHAM LORD PROVOST'S SON.—William McDermott, the pretended "son of the ex-lord Provost of Edinburgh," whose name has frequently appeared in the papers, turned up again at the Preston Sessions, on the charge of obtaining, by false pretences, a watch, guard, &c., from a pawnbroker's assistant; a sovereign from Mr. Crook, proprietor of the Red Lion Hotel, Preston; and £5 from Captain Rennie, of the 9th Regiment. From the evidence it appeared that some time ago the prisoner, who was well dressed and somewhat intelligent, went to Captain Rennie, at Fulwood Barracks, near Preston, and introduced himself to the gallant officer as "the Hon. William Lawson, son of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh." Afterwards he said that Major Harvey, of the 74th Highlanders, at Edinburgh, had requested him to call upon the officers at Fulwood Barracks, when he went to Preston, and "make friends with them." In the course of the conversation which followed, the prisoner said that he was going to Liverpool, but that as he was afraid that the banks would be closed when he got there, he should be obliged if Captain Rennie would lend him £5. Captain Rennie, believing the statement, lent the money named, and then the prisoner bid him good day, with the assurance that he should have the money next day. After the prisoner left Captain Rennie, he introduced himself to some of the non-commissioned officers, told several false tales, and managed to lead him several sums of money, and got the parties named to have made his way to Preston, and the prisoner then appears to have made his way to Preston, and "put up" at the Red Lion, one of the first hotels in the town. He gave the landlord to understand that he was the nephew of Colonel Hardy, of Fulwood Barracks; that he was going to Manchester, but should return in a very short time, and that he must have some money lent until he returned. He then went out, and proceeded to a pawnbroker's shop, told the assistant that he had been on the spree and broken his watch, and that his uncle, Colonel Hardy, would be vexed if he had not one next day (Sunday) when he went to church. The assistant lent the prisoner his watch, guard, &c., on the understanding that he should have them back on the afternoon of the following day. The prisoner then returned to the Red Lion, and borrowed a sovereign from the landlord, who accompanied him to the railway station, and saw him leave "for Manchester." The prisoner, however, never returned, and the next thing heard of him was his apprehension at Colchester for impeding on several parties there. He was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.—The Archbishop of Caermarthen has just given his annual dinner to the aged members of his congregation. On the archbishop's right hand sat a cheery old dame aged 99 years, and on his left a hale old man 92 years of age. The united ages of the whole party at the parlous—20 in number, amounted to 1,685 years, giving an average of 84 years to those present. The oldest ten of the party averaged 87 years. The average, 10 in number, who were not forgotten, averaged 88 years each and a fraction. The ages of all who partook of their pastor's hospitality may be classified as follows:—Aged 90 and upwards, 4; aged 89 and upwards, 6; aged 86 and upwards, 1; aged 85 and upwards, 4; aged 84 and upwards, 5; from 80 to 84, 10. There were three aged ladies belonging to the congregation, besides those enumerated above, of the respective ages of 89, 81, and 84 years.

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## SINGULAR CAREER OF A SCOTCHMAN.

THE mournful intelligence has this week reached us of the death of Robert Orkinton Wyllie, minister of foreign affairs, &c., to the King of Hawaii—a gentleman who had risen himself by his indomitable perseverance and talent to a high position of honour and fame. He was born at Hazelbank, in the parish of Dunlop, on the 13th of October, 1798. He was the second son of the late Mr. Alexander Wyllie, of Hazelbank, and Janet Orkinton, of Oatnaw, Stewarton. Those who knew him in boyhood can well remember that from his earliest years he gave every indication of being possessed of talents above mediocrity. He received the first elements of his education under the late Mr. Bryon, parish teacher, Dunlop, and afterwards for some time attended the late Dr. Barr, of Glasgow, whilst he taught a number of families in the district of Broadie, in this parish. Thence Mr. Wyllie left for the college in Glasgow, and received his medical diploma before he was twenty years of age. He soon after left as surgeon in a vessel bound for the North Seas, and endured hardships and braved dangers like a true Scotchman. He was thrice shipwrecked and returned to Liverpool, but not to home, having left with the firm resolution to do so only after he had earned a fame worthy of his name. Through the instrumentality of his late teacher, Dr. Barr, who was then in Liverpool, he re-embarked in a vessel bound for South America, where he for a short time practised as a surgeon, but soon turned his attention to mercantile affairs, for which, in fact and talent, he was in every respect adapted. After a sojourn of fourteen years there he revisited his native land, and as one of the first fruits of his success, built a mansion house for his parents on the lands of Hazelbank. He proved truly a devoted son, and those who were acquainted with his aged parents can well remember the feelings of pride and gratitude they ever cherished for him till their dying day. He then, feeling time hanging heavily on his hands, left for London, and was soon again engaged in mercantile transactions. But acting on an idea which seemed to have actuated him, he occupied an important field of usefulness with great benefit to the natives there and much honour to himself. It is gratifying to find that from the highest to the lowest in that land of his adoption, all are as one in testifying to his many virtues, and recording his death as truly a national calamity. Whilst therefore mourning the loss of one who has done so much to honour his parish, we at the same time, with feelings of pride, claim this as the birthplace of one who has enjoyed the confidence of kings, and proved a benefactor to his countrymen at home and abroad. He is succeeded in his Hawaiian estates by his nephew, Robert Orkinton, also a native of Dunlop, who gave every evidence in his youth of being possessed of talents and a disposition worthy of the name he is about to assume.—*Ayr Advertiser.*

## EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM CARMARTHEN GAOL.

On Thursday morning, the governor and officials were in a state of great consternation on finding that, at an early hour, a daring escape from the county gaol, in Carmarthen, had been made by two unconvicted felons; namely, Charles Williams, committed for trial at the next assizes, on three distinct charges of burglary, and John Reed, who would be arraigned at the quarter sessions to-day, at Llanillo, on a charge of housebreaking, had he not managed to make his exit from the prison in so unexpected a manner. The proper name of Williams, who is well known as the modern "Jack Sheppard," is Owen Prochard; he is now on ticket of leave, having been transported from Bathin. He has already broken out of gaol twice, once out of a lock-up house, and is a notorious character. Reed is of Irish extraction, born in Scotland, but nothing is known of him. In describing the plan of the escape, we may mention that the unconvicted felons are imprisoned in the portion of the prison termed the Trebenda, a building two stories high, in which are several cells, four being on the top story, and having a large paved yard surrounded with high stone walls, with *chevaux de frise*. In two of these cells, which by the way was originally one cell, but was some years since divided into two, by a single brick partition, were confined the two prisoners, and at half past one o'clock on Thursday morning the warden visited them, and found everything all right. After this, operations must have commenced by Reed tearing down some of the brickwork of the partition, which enabled him to get into Williams's cell adjoining. They then, it appears, raised a part of the flooring, which was also of brick, close to the flue, running up from the floor beneath, designated the "day-room," where prisoners are placed at periods of the day, and then in that hole made an opening into the chimney with the aid of a small piece of oak firewood, which they had become possessed of. This wall was supposed to be thoroughly secure, no one ever dreaming that it was only a single brick thick. The work though cunningly and effectually performed, was exceedingly clumsy, and such as might be effected by a piece of tough wood, used as a sort of wedge to remove the brickwork. The prisoners then forced their bodies through the hole into the chimney and descended it into the day-room, which was not secured. Having got to terra firma, the next thing was to get over the walls, and the way in which this was accomplished was as follows:—they tore their bed-ticks into strong shreds, and joined them tightly together with towels and a shirt until they had two ropes, each about twenty five feet long; to the end of each they secured a pillow-case half filled with culm as purchase for them to scale the walls. Having flung one of these ropes over the wall of the Trebenda, the bag of culm being safely entangled in the *chevaux de frise*, they ascended, and got down safely in the same manner. They then stealthily crept past the governor's house, and flung the other rope over the comparatively low wall of the Castle-green, which they easily got over, and thus effected their escape. All this was done between half-past one and five a.m., and the ingenuity employed was marvellous, although, on an inspection, the means of escape proved simple in the extreme. The Trebenda is supposed to have been built in 1790, and no one knew but the prisoners, who managed to find it out, that the flues were only one brick in thickness.—*Carmarthen Journal.*

ANOTHER RAILWAY OUTRAGE.—At the magistrates' clerk's office, Ratford, Henry Dibbles, a merchant's clerk at Gainsborough, was charged with indecently assaulting Miss Godson, daughter of a farmer living at Tareham, on the 26th ult. From the young lady's statement it appeared that she was travelling from Sheffield between six and seven o'clock in the evening, prisoner being in the same carriage. There were no lights in the carriage. Near Sturges-oaks the prisoner came close to her and put his hand up her clothes. She at once complained to her mother, who was in the same carriage, that the prisoner had been taking liberties with her, and the matter was mentioned to the authorities at the next station. The bench fined prisoner 40s. a good coat, and thought that the railway company ought to light their carriages properly, in order to protect their passengers.

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